And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brother Here comes the Prince and Claudio haſtily.
Prince Good den, good den.
Claudio Good day to both of you.
Leonato Heare you my Lords?
Prince We haue ſome haſte Leonato.
Leonato Some haſte my lord! well, fare you well my lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? wel, all is one.
Prince Nay do not quarrel with vs, good old man.
Brother If he could right himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.
Claudio Who wrongs him?
Leona. Mary thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.
Claudio Mary beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leonato Tuſh, tuſh man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrongd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forſt to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Do challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent child.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a toomb where neuer ſcandal ſlept,
Saue this of hers, framde by thy villanie.
Claudio My villany?
Leonato Thine Claudio, thine I ſay.
Prince You ſay not right old man.

Leonato My Lord, my
Ile prooue it on his body
Diſpight his nice fence,
His Maie of youth, and
Claudio Away, I will
Leonato Canſt thou ſo
If thou kilſt me, boy, tho
Brother He ſhal kill
But thats no matter, let hi
Win me and weare me,
Come follow me boy, co
Sir boy, ile whip you fro
Nay, as I am a gentlema
Leonato Brother.
Brother Content you
And ſhe is dead, ſlander
That dare as well anſwe
As I dare take a ſerpent
Boyes, apes, braggarts,
Leonato Brother An
Brother Hold you co
And what they weigh, e
Scambling out-facing, f
That lie, and cogge, and
Go antiquely, and ſhew
And ſpeake of halfe a do
How they might hurt th
And this is all.
Leonato But brother
Brother Come tis no
Do not you meddle, let
Prince Gentlemen
My heart is ſory for you
Put on my honour ſhe
But what was true, and
Leonato My Lord, m
Prince I will not hea